

up till we succeed. The people who work must play. Labor Day must now be devoted to thoughts of enlarging the efficiency of play—not of work. Else the people perish."

### ONE DAY ON THE STAGE WAS ALL HE COULD STAND

New York, Aug. 30.—One stage-struck young man has been cured. He is Jack Rosenthal, small son of J. J. Rosenthal, theatrical man, and Kathryn Osterman, actress.

Miss Osterman took Jack with her on a tour of her vaudeville act, in which she appears with Louis Simon. There is also a midget in the act. One afternoon the midget wanted to go to a ball game in a Western city, and he asked Jack to play his part, so he could get off. Jack knew the part, from watching it, and he was tickled to death to be a real actor.

The midget's part includes some kicking and cuffing, and, just to make a good actor of Jack, nothing was omitted from this feature of his role.

A few days later his father, in New York, got this letter:

"I played the midget's part in ma's sketch today. Black and blue all over. Darn mad, too. Never again! I'm going to be a farmer."

Taylor Granville played in London for a few weeks this summer. In the Strand, one day, he saw a sign: "American Bar." He went inside and asked the barkeeper to mix him a Manhattan cocktail.

While the barkeeper was concocting the drink, Granville looked on in amazement. Finally a glass of pink liquid was set before him.

"Would you drink one of those?" inquired the actor of the barkeeper.

"Sure I would," was the answer. "Why not, sir?"

"Well," said Granville, "you mix up another one and drink it and if you're alive after five minutes I'll drink mine."

Wilson Mizner is undoubtedly one

of the most cautious playwrights in the profession. A woman who collects autographs sent him her album the other day, with the request that he put his name in it. He did, and this is what appeared above the autograph:

"This signature not good in any bank in America or Europe."

### HARD LINES



"Will you charge my bill, old man?" pleaded Reggie Hardup of the waiter who had served him Scotch and seltzer.

"Nothing doing on the charge, sir," replied the waiter. "The boss orders nothing goes but cash—even on charged water."

### POISON USUALLY AILED 'EM

Six hundred years ago the knowledge of medicine was at a pretty low ebb. In the event of a person of any consequence falling sick, the doctors, profiting by past experience, pronounced the patient as suffering from the effects of poison.

In the year 1296, Albert, emperor of Austria, fell ill, and his doctors, suspecting that he had been poisoned, hung him up by the heels and tore out one of his eyes that the poison might drain through the empty socket.